



Alys



36 3 7

Chapter 1 by Niomi Rae

Inside the carriage sat fifteen kids their ages ranging from five to ten years old. Some of them frightened, some excited, others just happy to be taken away from whatever miniature hell they were taken from. One of these kids sat in the back away from the rest. Despite being the youngest she was more aware of how the world worked than any of the other kids there. The carriage jolted as the horses started to move forward. Unaffected, she sat there, unmoving, as she looked at those who she would soon be learning how to take away a man's life with. Some of them were talking in excited whispers and others sitting in quiet little groups.

"Hey what's your name? Mines Elizabeth, but you can call me Liz." the girl jumped at the sound the older girl's whispering voice.

"Alys." she said after a minute or two.

"That's a pretty name." Liz said, and hesitantly asked, "Did your mother give you that name?"

"What is a mother?" Alys asked, this was her first time hearing the word.

Liz looked sadly at the girl in front of her, and then decided she would be like a big sister to her. "A mother is the person who brought you into this world." she said softly.

"Oh." the girl said, getting sadder, "I never met this person."

Just as she opened her mouth the doors were thrown open and a man yelled at them to get out. Crawling out they were forced to stand in a line from tallest to shortest. Liz was placed somewhere in the middle while Alys was at the very end of the line.

Chapter 2 by LabTale



Today would be the last time Alys would see Elizabeth for over three months.

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She wanted to run, but the courtyard gate had been slid closed and bolted as their carriage arrived. Alys wondered if she might be able to squeeze under the gate in the mud, but this thought was quickly lost in the other panicked thoughts flooding her mind.

A woman was yelling at them. Alys had been yelled at before. Earlier, the woman in the alley had warned her about this before she'd been taken. "Pay no mind to the rules," she'd said. "It doesn't matter you follow them or not. The Managers will always find something wrong with what you do or say."

One of the other girls was crying. Two girls were pushed out in front of the lineup. The Manager shouted that only one of them would be eating today, and threw a rod made of dark wood into the mud at their feet.

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